

CHARIVARIA.

Two pairs of men's trousers have been found inside a shark which was discovered on the beach at an Australian seaside resort, and it is supposed that the creature had been leading a double life.

Father VAUGHAN has, in one of his fascinating sermons on "The Sins of Society" dealing especially with Taradiddles, surprised everyone by granting a dispensation to such persons as are "Not at home" when visitors call. We had always imagined that to be found out was breaking the eleventh commandment.

There is nothing like taking time by the forelock. One Peer at least is evidently no believer in the stability of the House of Lords. Lord O'HAGAN has just become a member of the Havering-atte-Bower (Essex) Parish Council.

The reason why the novels of Mr. SILAS HOCKING lack humour is now apparent. This great romancer reserves his fun for his speeches. "The House of Lords," he declared last week, "is composed of antediluvian fossils, who breathe an atmosphere in which freedom cannot live, and is a House largely replenished by the plutocrats of the drink ring and the gutter press." SILAS is a dear old fellow, and we hope he will make lots more speeches.

Die Welt am Montag discloses a plot by Great Britain, France, and Italy, to slice up Turkey on the SULTAN's death, and leave Germany without a share. It is not true, but it would be a great joke to do it.

Indeed, in this very connection, *The Daily Mail* has not been slow to retort on the German Chancellor for his recent attack. Our gallant little contemporary is now beginning to undermine Germany's influence with Turkey, and has already succeeded in obtaining from the SULTAN the concession that he likes Englishmen.

Reading in her newspaper that the flag of the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir ARTHUR WILSON, was struck on H.M.S. *Exmouth* last week, a dear old lady writes to ask why our mastheads are not fitted with lightning conductors.

Jewellery to the value of £70 was

discovered, last week, to be missing at a Woking hotel. A man who had retired to rest early on the previous night also disappeared. It is thought that he too may have been stolen.

"Two Japanese doctors," says *The Evening Standard*, "had a dispute about the ownership of a dog, which they had been trying to settle in the law courts for over two years." It certainly seems a queer place in which to settle a dog, although we suppose there is no reason why there should not be Dogs of Law as well as Dogs of War.

"The Automobile Club," says *Truth*,

that the cobbler will not stick to his last.

"Since 1880," says our dear old friend *The Daily News*, "much water has flown under London Bridge." On the backs of flying canards, we presume.

The fact that a young lady of Florence, New Jersey, U.S.A., almost lost her life as the result of laughing immoderately for eight hours at a joke which was made to her has, we note, made the American comic papers even more cautious than usual.

According to an article in *The Reader*, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is fond of a joke. So, apparently, is General BOULIA. It is said that the General does not intend to abolish Chinese labour on the Rand.

There is a peculiarly unfortunate misprint in the following paragraph which is said to have appeared in a provincial contemporary: "A steamer to be known as the *George Washington* has been ordered by the Hamburg-Amerika Company. It will be the biggest transatlantic liar afloat."

The Suffragette who, after having breakfasted at the Eustace Miles Restaurant, declared that she would not mind going back to Holloway, was wanting in true tact.

The Manchester Guardian gives publicity to the following:

THE TRANSVAAL

SWEARING IN THE NEW CABINET.

They are beginning early.

AN "agony" in *The Morning Leader*: "OWNEY.—As other half gone—is other lady mother.—J."

In the circumstances you mention, J., certainly. What a ridiculous question to ask!

THERE is trouble in Inverness to-day, all along of the *Highland Times* "Lady Correspondent," who *must* be more careful in future. In her comments on the Lovat Scouts' Ball she says (and we venture to italicise the important words):

"Miss F. of M. looked handsome... Miss M. was handsome... Miss D. B. looked pretty... Miss H. H. was pretty..."

And so on, all down the page. Very careless indeed.



THE HANDY MAN.

The Visitor. "YES, MY 'USBAND IS VERY 'ANDY. 'E MENDED THE CUCKOO CLOCK THE OTHER DAY; BUT IT AIN'T QUITE RIGHT YET. IT OOS BEFORE IT CUCKS!"

"has prepared a new system of handicapping for hill-climbing competitions, but the details are so complicated that one requires to be a PORSON or a TON-HUNTER to understand them." The hill to be climbed is, we suppose, Parnassus. Otherwise, why PORSON?

At Paris there has been founded a school to teach "the art of breathing while driving in a motor-car at all speeds." What we want is a school to teach the art of breathing after you have been driven over by a motor-car.

Mr. ARROWSMITH has published a little book of verses written by a West Country Cobbler. They are so good that it is to be hoped that this volume will be the forerunner of others, and

MONARCHS OF THE STAGE.

I.—NAPOLEON AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.
II.—AN IRON KING AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

I.

THERE seems to be no positive finality about the last phases of NAPOLEON. Only the other day he was being counterfeited by *Peter Pan*, and now up he comes again at the same theatre, in the person of Mr. JOHN HARE. One missed the massive head-piece,

"the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind."

Never before did the Terror of Europe show so frail and bird-like. Any one of his suite could have made a light meal of him; and it was surely no discredit to the marksmanship of those who ran *The Great Conspiracy* that, with a cart-load of gunpowder, which brought down great hunks of scenery and nearly asphyxiated the audience, they failed to hit so tiny a target. This was during the Consulship; and sanguine hopes were entertained that by the time he became Emperor he would add a few historical pounds to his fighting girth. These hopes were rudely dashed when it was seen that his Imperial waist showed no visible signs of distension.

The play abounded in situations of the best melodramatic order. Miss IRENE VANBRUGH had a part which made heavy demands upon her versatility, and it is small blame to her if the transition from one emotion to another was sometimes a little abrupt. Unfortunately, if there is one type which this brilliant actress was never designed to simulate it is that of a coquette. And twice in this play—once with her lover at the sign of *La Belle Marseillaise*, and once with NAPOLEON in the snuff-box scene—she was asked to give a sustained exhibition of the particular kind of seductiveness which she would be the last to claim as her special gift. It was literally a *mauvais quart d'heure* for her and all of us when she had to exhaust her powers of fascination to detain the Captain against his will and duty from 6.45 to 7 p.m. And the dialogue here, like the top half of the gentleman's soup, was very thin stuff.

The villain, the *Marquis de Tallement*, played by Mr. AUBREY SMITH, had no luck. I think perhaps his nature was too refined for the dirtier part of his work. But a word of flattery must be given to his disguise in the second half. It deceived not only NAPOLEON and his Chief of Police, but me too.

The play owed much to the pictur-esque ness of its figures and costumes; and it was a fair reflection upon its merits that the performance which got the tightest grip on the gallery was that of Mr. AINLEY, who did a great deal of saluting, bore himself bravely, and

looked very handsome and gallant in a varied wardrobe of uniforms, but otherwise did not have his fine intelligence put to any very severe strain.

The success of the original French version in Paris, where, even more than with us, the Napoleonic legend must be *vieux jeu*, can only be explained, I imagine, by the piquancy of those passages which Mrs. RYLEY, the adapter, was discreet enough to suppress.

Those who want a moral will find one in the attitude of *Jeanne* to her husband. Briefly it is this: *Stick to the letter of your vows, and then you needn't worry about the spirit of them.*



Napoleon I. Mr. John Hare.
Captain Roger Crisenoy Mr. Henry Ainley.

II.

When you hear *John Glayde's Honour* described as a "strong" play, you will easily gather which commandment it is that is made to suffer most in the breach. The trio are constituted as follows: (1) The American husband, an Iron King, who gambles on Wall Street and leaves his wife to amuse herself in Paris; (2) the wife who does so; (3) the *tertium quid*, an artist who paints her portrait. A cable sent by the artist's designing mother, who wants to divert her son's fancy in the direction of an eligible maiden, brings the Iron King post-haste to Paris. Arriving suddenly in the midst of a pleasant dinner-party at his wife's flat outside Paris he adopts business tactics; treats her chastity like a doubtful market proposition, and makes appointments with half the cast to come and tell him what they know as to its soundness. Meanwhile, to his wife he discovers an ancient chamber in his heart reserved for her exclusive use; further alleging that he had never troubled to question her devotion any

more than a man "takes out his lungs to see if they are breathing"—a feat which would of course be attended with extreme risk. He now proposes to resume the old relations of many years ago, temporarily in abeyance owing to the distraction of the Money Market. This proposal she discourages for the moment, at the same time lying very heartily on the subject of her innocence, and arranging with her lover to fly the next evening in a borrowed motor. Finally, after the husband's suspicions have been alternately roused by reports and allayed by his wife's intrepid lying, he traces her to the artist's studio, discards the notion of employing firearms, and takes his best revenge by letting them go their way, with the prospect of divorce and a generous allowance. The shame of these gifts is on them as the final curtain falls.

None of the three gets our unmitigated sympathy, but the future is rich with promise of a rough poetic justice. For the woman is going to pay the heaviest penalty. The Iron King will return, for consolation, to his wallowing in Wall Street, with the chastening reflection that there is one kind of Trust which dollars cannot control; the lover, I dare wager, will eventually return to his dearest love, his Art: and so the woman will become mere flotsam, drifting darkly on continental backwaters. And she deserves this fate; not so much for her infidelity to a man who was at no pains to keep her love, but rather for the ugliness of her methods of intrigue.

On the other hand, the lovers may marry and be always happy afterwards. You never can tell. Even Mr. SUTNO isn't quite sure about it.

It is an astounding defect in an otherwise excellent play that while its conditions are American (for the toiling millionaire, with a wife at the other side of the world, is not a product of English civilisation) there is practically no attempt made, apart from one minor exception, to give an American colouring to its characters. Here and there one traces an exotic turn of phrase on the lips of the Yankee *Princesse de Castagnary*, but in the main there is no distinguishing sign of nationality by which an American in the audience could recognise his compatriots on the stage as belonging to any known Transatlantic type. Does Mr. SUTNO, for instance, imagine that modern America produces guileless *ingénues* like the *Dora Longman* of *Miss May MARTYN*? Never was anything more purely British seen on the boards.

The lighter dialogue of the opening was indifferent; indeed, except in the studio scene, it was always rather strained; but the First Act was the only one whose success was ever in doubt on the night of the play-warming (a delightful



THE COMING PERILETTE.

A SKY-SIGN OF THE TIMES.

[A scientist announces the threatened impact of a comet which is to reduce the earth to ashes. Other scientists assert that the earth will easily survive its advent. For the moment the topic has been "talked out."]

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A WORD IN SEASON.

Young Hopeful (in a stage whisper). "WHEN THIS IS OVER, WE'RE GOIN' TO PLAY TRAINS."

innovation which gives the intelligent jury a whole spare day, badly needed, for considering their verdict). For the rest, the development of the author's scheme held a grateful house-party in the throes of anticipation; and its issue remained unsolved till the last sentence was uttered.

The Second Act was the best by virtue of its contrasts, both of motive and character. I must suppose that Mr. SUTRO wanted to show the victory of *John Glayde's* newly-awakened passion of jealousy over the old ruling passion for gambling. But I could wish that he had seen his way to a continuance of the conflict, as set forth in the Second Act, between these two passions, if only that we might have been made more familiar with the Iron King's very attractive factotum, *Michael Shurmur*, the one character in this American play with any real pretence to an American manner.

I cannot believe that Mr. ALEXANDER is at his best in a strenuous rôle. He never seemed comfortable in the matter of his face, which kept on wanting to smile, and had to be constantly distorted

into a semblance of gravity. At one time I was afraid that he was going to

be a little Arthurian over his *Guinevere*; but we were spared the worst in the way of ponderous rhetoric. It was a great triumph for Miss EVA MOORE that in so thankless and even repellent a part she preserved an essential womanliness which made her offences seem almost forgivable. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE, in the part of everybody's friend, played with admirable sensitiveness in the scene at the Ritz; but Mr. MATHESON LANG, as the lover, was on the heavy side.

The play does not promise to run as long as *His House in Order*, for *Mrs. Glayde's ménage* is in shocking disorder, and I fear that the general unpalatableness of the theme may go against its chances of a secure place in the British bosom.

A notice of the late Dr. IBSEN's melodrama at the Court will appear in next week's issue.

O. S.



*John Glayde . . . Mr. George Alexander.
Michael Shurmur . . Mr. Michael Sherbrooke.*

All Birds have their Price.

"I CAN supply grey talkers that will say almost anything at reasonable prices." —*Exchange and Mart*.

THE MAN IN THE TWEED
KNICKERBOCKERS.

I.

Up to last Sunday I used to flatter myself that I could weave a credible romance round any stranger whom I chanced to notice. For instance, in the District Railway my attention would be attracted by two men seated opposite me. "Father and son, obviously," I would say to myself. "The father has come up from the country for the day. He lives in Suffolk, and his son, whose name might be

CECIL, is at the Bar. They will probably get out at Blackfriars and go to see St. Paul's." It happens, possibly, that they alight at Charing Cross—change-here-for-the-Baker-Street-Waterloo-Railway. "No," I say, "they are going to the Zoo, and the son's name is GEORGE." Whereupon I proceed complacently to the Temple, feeling that even if my theory is incorrect it is at any rate entirely plausible.

But since last Sunday everything is changed. Last Sunday I came across a mystery so baffling, so insoluble, that all the conceit is knocked out of me. That there is some simple explanation of what I saw, I am convinced; but it harrows me to find it. I have racked my brains in vain; I have invented theories and dismissed them contemptuously. And now I call in outside aid, hoping that somebody will provide me with a clue, no matter how slight it may be.

We all got out at St. James's Park Station on that Sunday night—these three persons and I. As we walked up the stairs I looked casually at them. Obviously father, mother, and daughter. The girl was about sixteen, the mother about forty, and they were both in evening cloaks, and had scarves round their heads. The man was short and bearded; he wore a heavy overcoat and a cap—and if a man chooses to wear a cap instead of a silk hat or *gibus*, who

am I to blame him for it? Almost unconsciously I summed them up to myself. "Fairly well-to-do—a self-made man, I should say—they've been dining at one of those houses which are really Hammersmith, but call themselves West Kensington—he didn't want to dress at first, but she said, 'Don't be silly, ROBERT, of course we shall have to,' and he said, 'Very well, my dear, only I shall wear my cap'—yes, the girl is probably called ELSIE . . ." And so on. All quite simple to anyone with an imagination and a sense of character.

myself. "Why didn't you think of that? Of course!" But, before I had made up my mind as to how best to approach him, he and his family had turned into Queen Anne's Mansions—and I was left on the pavement staring open-mouthed after them.

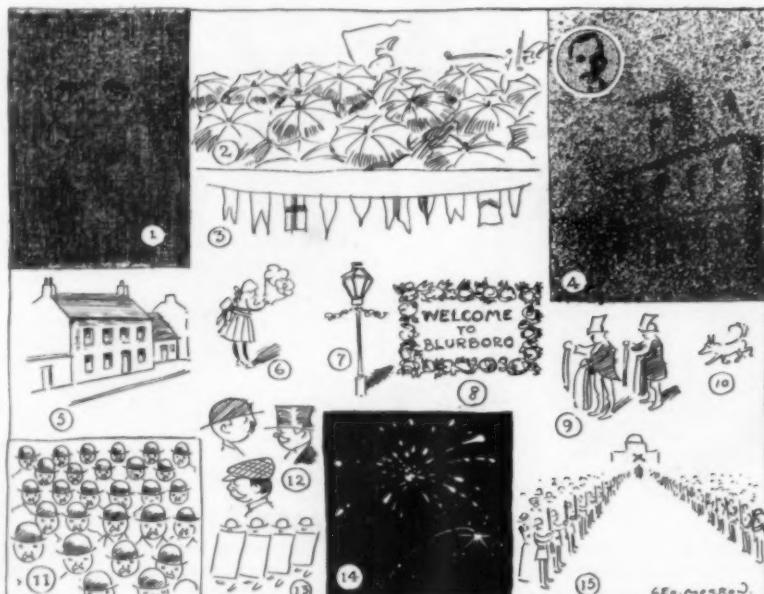
So, then, we must find an explanation for ourselves. The first question to decide is this: Did ROBERT leave Queen Anne's Mansions in knickerbockers, or did something happen to him afterwards? Now here we do seem to be on the track of an idea. Something

happened to him afterwards, you say. He started, that is, with his wife and daughter, on this Sunday evening, suitably attired for dinner at his friend's West Kensington house; and, either on the journey, or else at his destination, something happened which compelled him to come back in knickerbockers. What could it have been? Well, he might have fallen into a pond, or the servant might have spilled the claret over him—two excellent theories. Regrets or apologies from his host, and an offer to lend him anything from his own wardrobe. . .

Yes, yes, but in that case these would have been borrowed knickerbockers of ROBERT's, and they had not that look at all. In that case, too, he (or his wife) would have been carrying

the damaged trousers home, and there was nothing of that sort here. You will say, of course, that ROBERT might have been exactly the same size as his host, and that he might have fallen into the fire and have had his clothes burnt completely off him. Now that, I admit, sounds possible; but no one who has seen ROBERT would suggest it for a moment. ROBERT, if I am any judge of character, is a hard-headed, sturdy little man—not at all the sort of person to go about falling into fires.

No; the more I consider it the more I am convinced that ROBERT left Queen Anne's Mansions at seven o'clock that



HOW THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED PAPER DEALS WITH THE ROYAL VISIT TO BLURBOROUGH.

(1) Sir William Blurge, Mayor of Blurborough. (2) Arrival of the Royal Party. (3) Some of the decorations. (4) The new Town Hall opened yesterday. The architect, Mr. W. Hatchdot (inset). (5) House in which Sir W. Blurge does not at present reside owing to defective drains. (6) Miss Ena Blurge, who presented the bouquet to the Princess. (7) Decorated lamp-post. (8) One of the mottoes. (9) Programme-sellers. (10) Dog. (11) Some of the crowd. The fourth from the left in the third row is Mr. W. Smith, who was almost successful in our recent guessing competition. (12) Blurboro' types. (13) Sandwichmen. (14) Firework display in Blurge Park. (15) Departure of the Royal Party. The Royal Carriage is indicated by X.

To CURIO COLLECTORS.—Beautifully-finished copies of the above Photographs can be supplied at 7s. 6d. each, half-plate size, mounted, post free.

And then to my horror, as I looked down at the man's legs, his coat blew open, and I saw that he was wearing tweed knickerbockers, thick stockings, and heavy boots!

II.

Now, as I said, there must be some quite simple explanation. I feel convinced that, if I had gone up to this man ROBERT (as indeed I thought of doing) and had said to him: "Excuse me, Sir, but why are you in knickerbockers, when your wife and child are in evening dress?" his reply would have made the matter clear to me at once. "Fool," I should have said to

evening dressed as I saw him afterwards. That is to say, he put those knickerbockers on deliberately, and deliberately went down to Hammersmith (there is no need to keep up the West Kensington illusion any longer) with the intention of dining in his bicycling suit. But why should he do this? We may be sure that "Mother" and "ELsie" would have preferred him to be in the more conventional evening dress. Why, then, did he override their wishes? That is the real mystery.

III.

This is the best I can do. The *Time* is 6.45 on that fatal evening; the *Scene* is the drawing-room; and ROBERT is discovered aimlessly wandering about, stopping every now and then to lift up a book or a china ornament. He is dressed in a dark-grey lounge suit. His wife enters suddenly.

Mother (sharply). ROBERT! Do you know it's seven o'clock, and you haven't begun to dress?

Robert (uneasily). It's an extraordinary thing, dear, but I can't find my dress-clothes anywhere.

[*Opens a workbasket, and peers inside.*

Mother. Have you looked in your dressing-room?

Robert. Yes, yes, of course. You haven't sent them away anywhere to be cleaned or anything, have you?

Mother. As if I— ROBERT! I do believe I did! You know you said—

Robert (annoyed). That's really very awkward. You'll have to go without me then, that's all. You can say I'm not well. It's enough to make anyone ill when his clothes get taken like this.

Mother. Don't be silly, ROBERT. Go as you are. I'm sure you look very nice.

Robert. Yes, and what will HIGGINS think? That I don't know enough to know that it is usual to dress for dinner in West Kensington. I can't explain directly I get in at the door that I really have got some other clothes at home.

Mother. But those look very quiet and neat, dear.

[*A long pause.*

Mother. Well, if you don't go, ELSIE and I don't. We're not going on that Underground by ourselves.

Robert. You must go, anyhow. . . . Well, I'll tell you what I will do. I'll put on my bicycling suit—and then HIGGINS will know that *something* has happened anyhow.

Mother. Oh, but you can't!

Robert. Look here, don't you understand that, if I go as I am, HIGGINS will think it's just because I don't know any better; but if I go in knickerbockers he'll know that at any rate I'm not quite so ignorant as that, and he'll guess that there is some very special reason for it. But of course he'll be too polite to ask what it is . . . See? It's the only way out of it. [*Exit hurriedly to change.*



MODERN SOCIETY.

"OH, HOW IS MRS. JONES TO-DAY?"

"I DON'T KNOW, MADAM. SHALL I ASK?"

"OH, NEVER MIND. ONLY TELL MRS. JONES I INQUIRED AFTER HER."

IV.

Or this:

25, Acacia Road, W. Kensington.

so much that I shall hardly recognise you. Yours ever, GEORGE HIGGINS.

Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.

DEAR GEORGE.—Delighted. I will come next Sunday and bring the wife and the daughter too, if I may. I wonder if you *will* recognise me! I've half a mind to come in those old knickerbockers I always used to wear. Do you remember them? Anyhow, it would help you to spot me. Yours, ROBERT.

* * * * *
But this is making ROBERT out a fool. I don't think he is really that,

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE resounding success achieved by the Portuguese statesman whose opera was recently produced at Lisbon has stimulated several British politicians to similar efforts. Of the ex-Cabinet Ministers who aspire to lyric laurels the most notable is perhaps Mr. BALFOUR, who has already completed the first Act of an opera based on LUCAS MALET's stirring romance, *Sir Richard Calmady*. The title rôle, we understand, has been already assigned to an American baritone, formerly engaged in the whaling trade, who is physically qualified for the part, owing to an encounter with a shark off the coast of Florida. Next we hear that Mr. CHAPLIN and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS have completed the book of a musical comedy to be entitled *Old Men and Three Acres*, with lyrics by Professor HEWINS and additional lyrics by Mr. LEO MAXSE and Mr. L. S. AMERY. The music, which is said to be "simple, sensuous and passionate," has been composed by Professor HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A., with additional numbers by Sir PIETER BAM and Sir BAMPFORD SLACK.

The marriage of Lord TORQUIL TOBOGAN, the seventh son of the Duke of JURA, to Mlle. SONIA POGROMOFF, the famous Siberian violinist, took place last Thursday at St. George's, Hanover Square. The ceremony, which was attended by several Cabinet Ministers and the entire staff of the Russian Embassy, happily rounds off a romantic engagement at which the bridegroom's family were at first inclined to look askance, as Mlle. POGROMOFF is of Buriat descent, with strong leanings to polyphonic Buddhism. But the strength of mutual attachment overbore all obstacles, and the Duke and Duchess were both present at the ceremony as well as at the reception subsequently held at Philibeg Gardens. The presents were both numerous and costly, including a magnificent tame yak from the DALAI LAMA; the complete works of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, bound in limp lambskin, presented by the author; a set of superb fish-knives from M. STOLYPIN; a wee free library from Mr. CARNEGIE, and an electric tramcar from the Progressive members of the London County Council. The bridegroom's going-away costume excited much admiration, comprising trews of the Jura tartan, a tunic of white Zancig serge, a feather boa of the Emu brand, and a Glengarry cap.

MR. HARRY KEARY, the famous cowboy pianist, who dislocated his thumb while executing BEETHOVEN'S "Emperor" Concerto at the Queen's Hall last Friday, is, we understand, going on as well as can be expected. Though not related

to his namesake Mr. PETER KEARY, the famous author of *Get on or Get out*, he is in complete sympathy with the spirit of that epoch-making work, and is reported to have said that if PADEREWSKI had only begun life as a cow-puncher he would be twice the artist he is.

MISS MARIE CORELLI, as we learn from the pages of *Who's Who*, is proficient on the piano and mandolin, but it is not so generally known that many other authors and publicists are instrumentalists of no mean pretensions. Thus Mr. HALL CAINE has few superiors on the trumpet, and Mr. CROCKETT extracts exquisite tones from the small pipes, a variety not to be confused with the bonny briar pipes affected by IAN MACLAREN. Mr. HENNIKER HEATON's favourite instrument is the posthorn, and Sir GEORGE GIBB evokes impressive melodies from the tuba.

MARIANA IN MARCH:

OR, THE FORGOTTEN VALENTINE.

Isabella. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole . . . There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana.

Measure for Measure, Act III., Scene 1.

TARIFA to her ARTHUR sends

This Calendar with one dear date
Red-inked: ab, false the whispering
friends

Who hint thee, though so cold of late,
So cold and languid, aught but true;
Yet word from thee is overdue.

Pale, pale the moon of Valentine
Has waned, unflushed to our embrace.
A year ago it marked as mine

Thy bosom's "first constructive place."
Not to precipitate your plans—
What about putting up the banns?

A year, and just a month, ago!
'Tis March—the equinox of change.

Like MARIANA'S Angelo

Thou leav'st me to a moated grange.
Desert *Micauber*? No, not I.

The converse? Let the villain try!
Ah, no!—blot out the hasty phrase:

Next year is leap-year (do not start!),
When I, if ARTHUR still delays,
Strain him to this determined heart.

The rosy Saint has sworn. In fine
You are, you must, you shall be mine.

THE conduct of the police in arresting the last lot of Suffragettes seems to have been even more disgraceful than was supposed. One of the released martyrs, in addressing a meeting at Bradford, is reported to have said that "the women were in some cases brutally handled by the police, and her sister had to bite one of the officers to make him loose his hold."

WOMAN, WOMAN EVERYWHERE.

... moonlight nights
When I was at the Carmelites.

Austin Dobson.

On the principle that the proper study of mankind is woman, *The Daily Mail*—which, as a Parliamentary critic of high standing remarked in the Lobby the other evening, should now be called *The Daily Female (laughter)*—is devoting page 9 almost exclusively to symposia on that cryptic but ambitious sex.

In that ingratiatingly inquiring manner that it fosters so successfully—recalling the description of POPE as "the little crooked thing that asks questions"—it has put forward the insidious queries—"Which has the better time, men or women?" and "Do women really rule men?" and so forth,—queries for the solution of which thousands of the ladies and gentlemen of this country who write with ease are only too ready to reply.

But *The Daily Mail's* work is only begun. There are many in my questions yet to be answered. The following list of subjects into which care'ul inquisition should be made has been drawn up by a committee of experts:—

Is the "Wo" in "Women" an insult?
Are women really afraid of mice?
Why are women allowed?
Why does a woman look old sooner than a girl?

Should women read books?
Is woman the complement of man?
Should girls go to Eton?
When is a woman not a woman?
Should women have a boat?
Are men polite to women?

Does a man marry a woman or a woman marry a man?
Are women womanish?

Why do women go on living?
Should children have mothers?

Are women really more numerous than men?

Why do women who want votes wear elastic-side boots?

Can a woman want a vote and not wear spectacles?

Are women women?
Has a woman ever been a Prime Minister?

Do women write with pencils more than men?

Are women secret eaters?
Is it true that women die oftener than men?

Should women be?
If that is the last question it is not because our list was exhausted, but because the fountain pen gave out. We hand them over to the Editor of *The Daily Mail* without *arrière pensée*. Let him do his blessedest with them.



AS OTHERS SEE US.

Stable-boy (looking at ill-assorted trio). "THERE AIN'T MUCH 'AM IN THAT SANDWICH!"

FREE FIREWOOD FOR THE ARISTOCRACY.

THE astonishing reluctance of the inhabitants of houses in the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens to come inside and help themselves to the lopped branches of the elm trees there is causing some embarrassment to the authorities. As it was not considered possible to make use of all this firewood in Kensington Palace, and as the preparations of the City Corporation for the reception of the Colonial Premiers remove any need for bonfires in their honour, it was offered free to the residents in the neighbourhood. But the offer has not been accepted to any great extent.

It is explained that during the day the men are away at work, somewhere in the City, while the children are at school; and as the Gardens are closed at night there are difficulties in the way of collecting the wood. But where are the men-servants? We do not suggest for one moment that any chauffeur should be requested to carry firewood,

but the footmen might be approached. Servants whose duties include the leading of toy dogs in public places could hardly object to conducting a faggot or two into the cellar.

Another plan occurs to us by which it would be possible to take advantage of the kind offer of the Kensington Gardens authorities. Mr. J. M. BARRIE, we understand from *The Westminster Gazette*, shares with one other, an artist, the particular privilege of being allowed in these Gardens after dark. Would it not be possible for a deputation of well-known residents near the Gardens—we suggest Sir CLIFTON ROBINSON, Earl CARRINGTON, Mr. A. MORETON MANDEVILLE, Sir DONALD CURRIE, Mr. R. W. PERKS, M.P., and Mr. GODFREY BARING, M.P., headed by Major BADEN-POWELL—to approach Mr. BARRIE, and ask his co-operation in the matter? We feel confident that the genial novelist would readily consent to use his privileged position for the well-being of his neighbours, and hand out branches to them through the railings at night. It would, perhaps, in order to ensure secrecy, be

advisable not to approach the artist referred to, lest he should prove to be on the staff of *The Daily Mirror*.

Again, if the authorities could wait until the American tourists begin to arrive in this country, it might pay them to distribute tastefully-produced leaflets in the rooms of the Cecil, Carlton, and other hotels of London, as well as in the leading hostelleries of Stratford-on-Avon, Chester, Edinburgh, and so forth, announcing that chips from a Royal Garden were to be had free for the asking.

"Respectable young person wants alternate Mondays to wash and Fridays to clean."—*Lancashire Daily Press*.

IF she would only make a point of taking away the week-ends and drying them, we should be more than satisfied.

"This fairly represents the spirit in which the election is being 'fought'—and we use the word for want of a better."—*Highgate Recorder*.

BUT what better could there be? It is a beautiful word.



OUR C. C. ELECTION.

Canvasser. "IS YOUR FATHER AT HOME?"

Canvasser. "HAS YOUR AUNTIE GOT A VOTE?"

Child. "NO; DADDY AND MUMMY ARE BOTH OUT; BUT AUNTIE'S IN."

Child. "NO; SHE'S GOT BRONCHITIS."

THE SONG OF THE OAR.

This is the song of the racing oar;
I heard it once on the Putney shore;
And a March wind caught it and blew it on,
While eight oars sang it in unison :—
Out of the water clean and gay ;
Rattle your lively hands away !

Steady your swing, for there's work to do ;
Reach, and grip it, and drive it through !
I'm the spruce, the lissom spruce, with the leather round my
waist ;
Am I rounded, grooved and buttoned, am I balanced to your
taste ?

When I gave my wood rejoicing to be fashioned on your plan,
Did they carve me as the emblem of the courage of a man ?
Yea, they made me strong and eager for the glory of the fight,
And they picked me out a master who should use my gifts
aright.

And he grasped me, and together
We exulted in the feather,
And we drove the light ship leaping, though the wind was
blowing strong,
Drove her leaping through the lipper, while we kept the
rowing long.

So we rattled up the reaches—we were bound to do our best—
And I heard his pulses throbbing as he pressed me to his
chest ;
And his breath was coming faster, though he gripped me in
his pride,
And his spirit never faltered, but he forced me through the tide.
It was joy to do him service ; it was joy to feel the yoke
Of the hands he kept about me while he nerved me for the stroke.

Oh, we cleft the waves and cleared them,
For we never never feared them :
Pain and toil could never break us or could make our hearts
afraid
While the curling, swirling bubbles glanced and shivered
from my blade.
So this is the song of the racing oar :
I heard it once on the Putney shore ;
And a March wind caught it and blew it on,
While eight oars sang it in unison :—
Out of the water clean and gay ;
Rattle your lively hands away !
Steady your swing, for there's work to do ;
Reach, and grip it, and drive it through.

R. C. L.

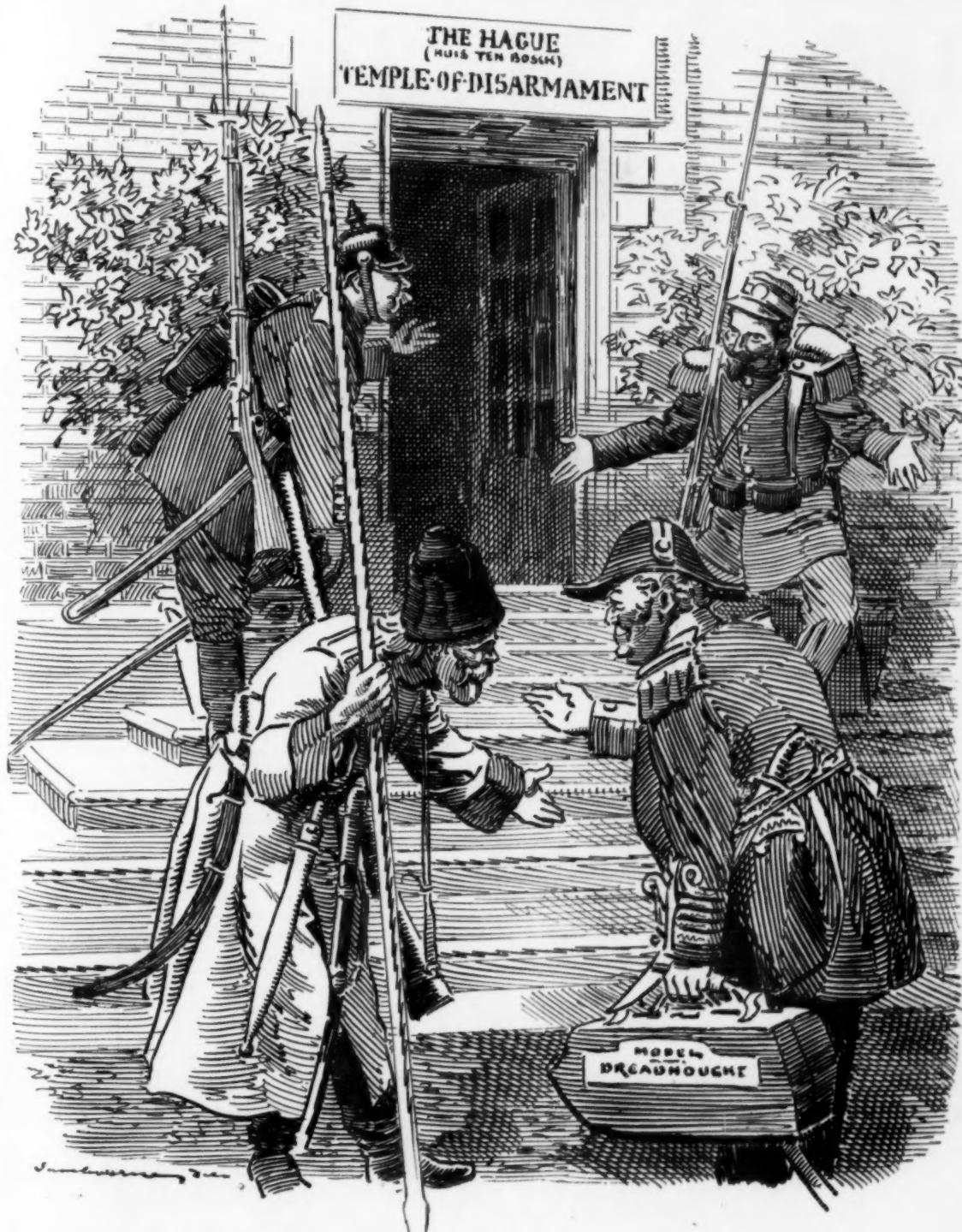
Answer to Correspondent.

Woman Voter (St. Pancras). You say : "I voted for the Moderates, and I see that the result of the election is described by *The Daily Chronicle* as 'TAMMANY'S TRIUMPH' in very, very big type. Please, who is Mr. TAMMANY ? Is he a well-known Municipal Reformer, or is it just a pet name for Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER ?"

If you refer to *The Daily Mail* you will find the result of the election described as Tammany's Defeat. Tammany is just a bad word. It is American for Satan.

"There are only forty-one eggs of the Californian condor to more than seventy of the bird which is actually extinct ; and it is not likely, nor indeed desirable, that many more eggs of this condor will ever be taken."—*Northampton Herald*.

GRANTED the premisses, the writer is certainly justified in drawing the conclusion he does.



THE TUG OF PEACE.

EVERYBODY (to everybody else). "AFTER YOU, SIR!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



ONE MAN ONE SUFFRAGETTE. A SUGGESTION TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' POLICE.

Why not supply Dummy Suffragettes (artificial P-nkh-rsts, stuffed B-ll-ngrts) with which each constable might rehearse in his spare time, and so keep himself in training for the peculiar form of Jiu-Jitsu required to meet the periodic incursions of the Real Thing?

House of Commons, Monday, March 4.
—One of the surprises the House of Commons has in store for Members is the presentation from time to time of one of them in a new light. We have long known and loved our WALTER LONG. Esteem him as representative of best type of country gentleman, who gives up to mankind what was originally meant for high farming. In succession he has served his country at the Local Government Board, the Board of Agriculture, and the Chief Secretary's Lodge.

This last appointment proof of fullest confidence on part of belated chief. From time to time crises present themselves in Government of Ireland when, as PRINCE ARTHUR said the other day, the PREMIER "don't know where he are." What he most urgently needs is a safe man, one who may be depended upon not to surprise anybody. At such a crisis twenty years ago Lord SALISBURY found W. H. SMITH, who, for the necessary time, admirably filled up a dangerous gap. When, after MACDONNELL incident, GEORGE WYNDHAM was heroically sacrificed

on altar of Party expediency, PRINCE ARTHUR, possibly remembering his success in stamping out rabies by resolute muzzling, turned to WALTER LONG.

These things are familiar. Surprise came when, this afternoon, NAPOLEON B. HALDANE having expounded his Bill creating a territorial Army, the ex-Chief Secretary for Ireland was put up to reply from Front Opposition Bench. The Colonels audibly sniffed.

What can he know of warfare
Who only Ireland knows?

They had forgotten, or never learnt, that in rare intervals of leisure the Wiltshire exile to South Dublin is a man of war. True, he took up military pursuits comparatively late in life. For full nine years has been in command of Royal Wilts Imperial Yeomanry. Locally is known as Colonel LONG, and his ideas on Strategy in Time of Peace are much esteemed in Pall Mall.

Naturally is disposed to regard with suspicion any scheme which absorbs the Royal Wilts Imperial Yeomanry in common mass. Would not be indisposed

to co-operate with the British Army, howsoever reformed, if only the regiment were permitted to retain its individuality and its Colonel. To become an indistinguishable feature in what NAPOLEON B. vaguely calls "a Second Line," is quite another thing. Hints that when BRODRICK designed his memorable Six Army Corps he visited Wilts disguised as a farmer having a horse to sell, and made secret inquiries as to possibility of counting-in the Imperial Yeomanry as one of the Six. Circumstances, as we know, prevented the embodiment of the far-reaching plan, and the Royal Wilts remain the Prince of Wales' Own.

That by the way. Merely indicates the exceptional esteem in which this fearless Force is regarded from the highest level of military genius.

Turning aside from what captious critics might regard as a personal point of view, Colonel LONG put in a word of protest on behalf of the Militia. "If," he said, making a pass with imaginary sword across the Table at NAPOLEON B., "you lay violent hands on the Militia



A FASCINATING "EPISODE" FOR THE "COVENTRY PAGEANT."
Lady Godiva rides down to the starting-point.
(Mr. A. E. W. M-s-n, M.P. for Coventry.)

it may not be destroyed. But I undertake to say no Militiaman would know himself after the change has been effected. He would bear as little resemblance to his former self as some people do after three or four bouts in the pugilistic ring."

The vivid picture here flashed on wall of a Militiaman with bandaged brow, a black eye, a damaged nose and right arm in a sling, wondering who he was—I mean who he was, created profound impression on Committee, hitherto a little bored. N. B. H., remembering some anxious moment at Austerlitz, felt there was no time to be lost. Brought up Old Guard in shape of threat of closure, before which enemy retreated, and Bill read first time without division.

Business done.—Territorial Army Bill introduced.

Tuesday night.—Colonel CARLILE, who at General Election recaptured St. Albans under the Unionist flag, does not often angle for the SPEAKER's eye. A successful attempt, achieved just before HALDANE obtained leave to bring in his Bill, makes House hopeful that he will overcome native bashfulness. Interposing at a moment when majority were impatient for division, he was met by angry cry of "Vide! Vide! Vide!" Raising his voice and shaking a mailed fist, he shouted, "Mr. SPEAKER, I can't help forgetting—"

Here the hilarious throng burst into roar of laughter. With heightened colour and louder voice, the COLONEL returned to the charge.

"I say again, Sir, I can't help forgetting that only twenty-seven Members were present on the Benches opposite during a portion of the speech of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR explaining this Bill."

The COLONEL's impregnable forgetfulness reminds one of a notable feature in attitude of House towards the vital question of state of Army and Navy. As CARLILE could not help forgetting, N. B. HALDANE's speech last night, though not exceeding an hour and a half in delivery, cleared the Benches as if it were a pom-pom battery. This afternoon ROBERT

SON, expounding Navy Estimates, had an audience only slightly exceeding in numbers that which hung on the lips of the War God. Possible to take comforting view of the circumstance by assuming that apparent apathy indicates confidence in the Administration. If things were going wrong with either Army or Navy, be sure the faithful Commons would be on the alert.

However that be, constant to his habit this Session, PRINCE ARTHUR was in his place watchful over interests of Empire and peccadilloes of Ministers. His constancy gave opportunity of neatly hobbling C.-B. In anticipation of meeting of Hague Conference, the PREMIER has published manifesto pointing out reduction in the Estimates for the British Army and eke the Navy, recommending example to Foreign Powers. Now yesterday NAPOLEON B. demonstrated that, whilst economy has been attained in connection with Army, efficiency has been materially increased. "Same here," said EDMUND ROBERTSON to-night, speaking for the Navy.

"How's that, umpire?" asked PRINCE ARTHUR, turning to the SPEAKER. "It is not a question of expenditure, but of material strength. If our Army and Navy are not weaker for offensive purposes, but stronger, what's the use of our going to the Hague Conference and saying 'See what a good boy am I. I have reduced my Army Estimates by three millions and the Navy Estimates by two. Go thou and do likewise?'" C.-B. very angry. Complained that

PRINCE ARTHUR was giving the show away, unpatriotically suggesting to foreign diplomatists what otherwise they would not have thought of.

"Poor innocents!" smiled PRINCE ARTHUR, in amused contemplation of alleged density of comprehension in the Chancelleries of Europe.

Business done.—ROBERTSON in lucid speech explained Navy Estimates. House got into Committee thereon.

Wednesday.—When the ZANCIGS left London it was understood they carried with them secret of their science of telepathy. If they cherished that belief they counted without STANLEY WILSON. This afternoon he delighted crowded House by novel development of the entertainment.

Question from Ministerial side addressed to ATTORNEY-GENERAL brought under his notice a leaflet issued during Brigg contest making charge against present Government analogous to the historical one which in CANNING's time attributed to the Whigs criminal collusion with blue-bottle flies invading butchers' shops. In short it accused His Majesty's Ministers of putting up price of tea by threepence a pound.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL having made judicial reply, STANLEY WILSON took the floor.

It fortuitously happened this morning that local grocer served upon him notice that the price of tea had gone up 1d. per lb. and threatened a rise of 1½d. Putting the document in his pocket with intent



"AND THIS?"
Mr. Arth-r Zancig W-ls-n,

to find a quiet hour in the Library or on the Terrace in which he might review household expenses and see where economies might be effected to meet this increment (doubtless due to machinations of a Liberal Government), he found it there when the question of the Brigg leaflet leaped to the front.

Producing the circular, which diffused a distinct smell of cheese, he asked the ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether in this matter the learned gentleman's domestic experience tallied with his own?

"Does the ATTORNEY-GENERAL," he insisted, "know that within the last ten days the price of tea has gone up three ha'pence per pound?"

SPEAKER ruled interposition out of order. WILSON resumed his seat and quietly proceeded with his telepathic exercise.

Process simple. Taking the grocer's circular from his breast-coat pocket and whispering, after the manner of Mr. ZANCIG, "Now this?" he held it up to view of hon. Members below Gangway opposite. They knew it at sight and broke into roar of execration. His expectation justified, ZANCIG, M.P. returned the document to his pocket, and silence fell upon the House. Half a minute later out it came again with murmured "Now this?" Once more gentlemen opposite howled, throwing themselves about on the Benches in rage. The circular withdrawn from view they subsided. A third time it was shown them, with the same startling demonstration of telepathic communication.

The game might have gone on for rest of sitting, only SPEAKER spotting it sternly, cried "Order! Order!" and the next turn was called.

Business done.—In Committee on Army Estimates.

The Value of Gesticulation.

"The Groom's Story" of CONAN DOYLE was next recited by Mr. OSMOND HOPE, and here again the master hand was clearly shown."

Middlesex County Times.

"The author of 'She Stoops to Conquer' is almost as dangerous as NAPOLEON for the hero of a play. SHERIDAN has become a tradition of wit, just as NAPOLEON has become a tradition of remorseless will."—*Daily News*.

But why drag in GOLDSMITH?

EAR-SIGHT.

(*A note on the Eidophone.*)

A NEW terror awaits the professional or amateur critic of music and elocution—that of an over-developed sense of colour-sounds. Mrs. NORTHESK WILSON, lecturing last Wednesday on the subject at the Eustace Miles Restaurant, assured her hearers that Madame MELBA's voice immediately suggests a delicate lilac with a broad violet streak, and the Divine SARAH's is mostly rosy red with a high vibration of green (not golden, as

who from time to time import their sprightly *chanzonettes* from Montmartre embarrass us still further with an audible atmosphere of French ultramarine suffused with pink? "La Loie" with her lime-light effects would be child's play to this.

The extra-fastidious tympanum would have an equally trying time in the House. It would have to "sense" the cross-currents of the PRIME MINISTER's or Mr. BALFOUR's oratory translated into the hues of a Scotch plaid or heather-mixture shot with pea-green laughter from factious opponents, and the result would be frontal headache for the Strangers' Gallery. Mr. WENSTON CHURCHILL, in his more callow outbursts, can be conceived as shedding forth rays of raw sienna, hedgesparrow egg tint and canary yellow; and an aura of mummy, burnt umber and bitumen might surround the less exhilarating periods of Mr. LUPTON or the Weir WEIR.

This colour-music business, therefore, is too complex and kaleidoscopic for the ordinary ear-drum to contemplate. What the visual equivalent of the voice of the nocturnal cat, the hoot of the motor-car, or the song of the average gramophone may be, we dare not picture. Indeed, we would rather not trifle further with two of the five senses, or we shall be asked to smell and taste with our ears as well. We are at present, thank you, comfortably colour-deaf, and cannot afford to keep a private eidophone.



Reformed Cannibal (with a dreadful past). "I MAY BE BLACK, SAH, BUT I'VE GOT BRITISH BLOOD IN MA VEINS."

we have been brought up to think), while Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON has the melancholy and subtle magnetism of a minor chord which fluctuates between indigo and red.

It really won't do to let this state of things grow on us. Fancy not only having to listen to the clamant shrieks of the Suffragettes' war-song, but also to see with the cultivated ear a nimbus of, say, vermillion and madder carmine playing like an aurora borealis round the head of a Mrs. DESPARADO or a Miss SPANKHURST. Such an apparition would turn the public, as well as the unfortunate policemen, a permanent blue. Would not also the *discuses* and other artistes

Athenasian Creed.

"Mr. ALFRED ROTHSCHILD has lent his own private band, and every seat in the house is secured."—*Evening News*.

In these days of Art thieves you have to be careful with the Chippendale.

"As some misapprehension exists with regard to the huntsman appointed to succeed ARTHUR THATCHER with the Cottesmore, it may be stated that it is SAM GILLSON, the Bedale huntsman, who was previously with the South and West Wiltshire Hounds, and CHARLES GILLSON, the Meynell huntsman, who has secured the coveted post."—*Market Harborough Advertiser*.

And if, after that, any misapprehension still exists, well, all we can say is that people really are very dull nowadays.

THE MISSED MEET.

(A Ballad of the Chase.)

The' hoar-frost lingered in the shade, and rime lay white in
copse and glade,
Upon the winter landscape played
A sun as mild as May.
With trampling hoof and stirrup-clink
The lanes beneath them rang;
Whole hamlets ran to watch them prink in brown and yellow,
black and pink;
Blithely they laughed and sang:
So for the meet rode HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey,
To meet the hounds at Hare Park Gate; the road was long,
the time grew late,
And still they rode, serene, inflate,
The unfamiliar way.
The road divided left and right,
No signpost there to guide;
The right-hand road lay cold and white; the left-hand, bathed
in sunshine, bright,
And fair, and smooth, and wide:
So to the left rode HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.
The fair wide road became a lane, and to a cart-track shrank
amain—
A cart-track, and at that not plain—
And fretful men were they;
Each in his glum foreboding shut,
Through fields forlorn they filed,
And followed till the grass-grown rut, by wains of Early
England cut,
Was lost in empty wild.

And empty, wild, were HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.
And now with caution, now with haste, now South, now
North, now East they faced;
Now madly spurring through the waste
(For frantic men were they),
Anon they thundered unawares
Upon a guilty man—
A simple rustic setting snares. Image of Evil sowing tares,
He leapt, and looked, and ran;
And after him rode HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.



Dark visions of a felon's jail, his wife's despair, his children's
wail
Were lifted from him as a veil,
When questioned, blown, at bay.

His red right hand out straight he threw:
"Hare Park?" he mused, "Hare Park?"
As one would indicate Peru, just where the distance met the
blue

His arm described an arc.
And fuming left him HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

All thro' the waning afternoon they pricked towards the dead
white moon:

No trace, no sign of lord or loon:
Before them backed away
The same long, bleak horizon line,
The same grimacing whins,
The same daft sheep, the same croaked whine, the same wide
down, outrolled, supine,
As like as any pins:

Doggèd, depressed, rode HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

By whins and sheep, morose, adroop, until the sun's long
westering stoop

Shot out before the jaded troop
His last expiring ray:
It flickered through the wood-smoke's haze
Domestic, fragrant, warm,

On happy homesteads, miry ways, and lighted in a final blaze
Upon—a scarlet form!

Then leapt the hearts of HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.



They cried, "Tis BEN the whipper-in—his shoulders and his
cheery grin;

And yon's the wood the hounds are in,
My soul—my life—I'll lay!"
Then spurred they o'er the space between,
And naught could stay or hold:
Beyond the turf-land sound and green yawned a morass
obscure, unclean,
Loathly, and dank, and cold;
But into it plunged HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

And tho' the rank slough sucked and clogged, they
wallowed, floundered, dragged and flogged,
Until triumphant, waterlogged,
Unsavoury men were they;
Smothered in slime from spurs to stocks,
Unflinching, keen as—mules.

No sign of huntsman, hound or fox: naught but a rural
letter-box,
Erect, regardant, gules.

Came dreadful words from HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

* * * * *



First Farmer. "THEY TELL ME AS 'OW THAT THERE ARTIST CHAP AS WAS UP 'ERE LAST YEAR, GOT FIVE POUNDS FOR HIS PICTURE OF THE OLD 'OUSE."

Second Farmer. "GO 'LONG WITH YOU, MR. STUBBS. WHY, THE 'OUSE ITSELF AIN'T WORTH IT!"

A crimson smoulder in the West; the last late crow had won
to rest;

A breath of ice that gripped the chest—
And freezing died the day.

A hoof-struck flint-spark lit the gloam,
A shivering horn-shake rang;

With hammering drum on lane and loam, and patterning feet
as light as foam,

And crop-thong's whistling bang,

At last the hounds met HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

"Good-night," the Huntsman cried, "Good-night! Been with
the Harriers, eh?—All right,
You've missed a clinking day—"

But raving home went HARBOTTLE, SILLITOE,
GRIGGS and BRIGGS and BULLER-BROWN, and GRUMBY on the grey.

A Remarkable Stag.

"It reminded one of the bye gone glories of an age which has, alas, departed in our midst, when landlord and tenant met together in friendly rivalry to participate in the enjoyment of the hunt with well-carbonised steeds to storm the walled fences and boggy marshes of our district, and to bring home the trophies of the hunt."—*Ballymena Observer*.

THERE is a lot more of this before the second stag "took refuse" in a house, "when the day's interesting proceedings concluded."

THOUGHTS AT THE SOUTH AFRICA EXHIBITION.

I ENVY, cypher that I am,
The rich tea-planters of Assam,
The man who plays on the tam-tam,
Or has a rod on the Mimram,
Or strokes a winner on the Cam,
Or rides in an Einbankment tram.
I much admire my uncle SAM,
Bleak Tartary's tremendous CHAM,
NANSEN, as happy as a clam,
Careering northwards in his *Fram*,
The Baroness von HUTTEN's Pam,
The gifted lawyer, ABEL RAM,
The novelist, AMALIE SKRAM,
The lexicographer called DAMM,
The genial humorist, CHARLES LAMB,
Cap. WEBB, who once the Channel swam,
B. STOKER, commonly called BRAM,
Great RANJI, *alias* the JAM.
And yet such greatness is a sham,
Or at the best a little slam,
A one-horse show, a baby's pram,
Compared to thine, Sir PIETER BAM!

"Married man desires change."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.
We can well believe it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON's new book, *A Midsummer Day's Dream* (METHUEN), there is perhaps hardly enough stuff to go round. It tells of a house-party of amateur mummers met together to play SHAKESPEARE's rather spotty masque under the open sky. The ladies are all indistinguishably attractive, and all equally prepared to be the hero's choice. Indeed you are half through the book before you can tell one from another. To find your milky way through this galaxy of beauty is as hard as to thread the mazy woods, so richly painted by the author, in which his characters are for ever losing themselves, Apollo and Daphne, chasing and chased. As for *Bannatyne*, who carries all before him, he is gifted with fathomless resources of small-talk, a pleasantly confident habit of taking no denial, and several eligible estates. Apart from these advantages, one is often at a loss to recognise the secret of a devastating charm which is apparent rather in its effects than in its processes. The story shows more gaiety than wit and more wit than humour. But it is gallantly told, and suggests, with its atmosphere of dryad and nymph and middle-aged faun, a fine secular feeling for the joy of living in the sun.

On the paper covers of Mr. MAX PEMBERTON's novel, *The Diamond Ship* (CASSELL), there is a note kindly framed with a view to saving us the trouble of reading the book. The writer of it begins thus jauntily :

The Diamond Ship is the floating home
Of a host of desperadoes,

and then, evidently appalled at the task of finding rhymes, he scampers to the full stop in tame prose. Later on he makes another half-hearted attempt with

One of the best descriptive scenes
That have come from the author's pen.

Then finally he gives the muse the go by. This is disappointing. The first stanza might so well have run :

The Diamond Ship is the floating home
Of a host of desperadoes,
Who are foiled by the help of a wily gnome
From the land of the wise Mikados.

He isn't really a gnome. He is the hero's miraculous Japanese servant, a perfect marvel of ubiquity and unassuming omnipotence. I think there never was a more capable person. His omnipotence is only equalled by his master's omniscience. The hero's tracking of the host of desperadoes, and his unerring fore-knowledge of their next move, are examples of marvellous intuition. Personally, in detective work, I prefer deduction to intuition. But I dare say this is mere envy.

It is odd to reflect how malleable we are in the hands of genius. Few would care for the company of a majority of the persons who play their part in *Running Water* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Yet so deft is Mr. MASON's treatment, so alluring his touch, that comforted by the assurance they will have justice done to them before the last chapter is reached we follow with growing interest their devious doings. With three exceptions—one the veteran Alpine guide, a minor character—all the people in the story are scoundrels. The chiefest, *Garratt Skinner*, father of the stainless heroine, is attractive not less by reason of his cleverness than of his courage. Apart from the plot and its development, excellent pieces of workmanship, the book has a rare charm as presenting the most vivid pictures of Alpine scenery and adventure given to the world since Mr. WHYMPER laid down his pen. Mr. MASON seems to know his Alps *au pied*, and, what is even more difficult of accomplishment, to the summit. The description of *Captain Chayne* tracking the steps of the amiable

Garratt Skinner, who, with murderous intent, is personally conducting a wealthy youth over the Brenva Glacier, is thrilling, the finishing-touch being given by the fact that the pursuer has married the daughter of the pursued.

The meeting of the two principal men in *The Kinsman* (METHUEN) is described by Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK in these words : "The two men gazed at each other fascinated. They were the same height, the same make, the same colour; feature for feature their faces were bewilderingly alike." This is rather a brilliant idea. You see the situations that arise? No? Why—one of them can pass as the other, and nobody will be any the wiser! Just think of the possibilities! Think of what's that? It has been done before? Oh, bother! . . . Well, how about this then? now this really is funny. One of the men, *Bert Gammage*, is an awful bounder, and he passes himself off as his aristocratic cousin, and goes into Society, and shakes hands with the footman, and wears gloves at dinner, and goes to a garden-party in a frock-coat and white flanneled trousers, and—What? That's been done before too? Oh, look here . . . Oh well, *Kipps*, yes . . . and *Mr. Hopkinson*—well, if you're going to include plays . . . no, I never heard of *WARREN*. But if you come to that, everything has been done before . . . What did you say? You don't like the idea anyhow? You think it's beastly snobbish—you hate that horrible air of superiority? All right then, don't read the book. Anyhow it's light and bright and amusing, and that's more than can be said for most of your novels.

The Dust of Conflict (LONG) is almost as freely sprinkled with blood as the sawdust in a butcher's shop, and all because *Tony Palliser* kissed his gamekeeper's daughter and was blackmailed by the gamekeeper's daughter's papa. His friend *Bernard Appleby*, in order to keep from the knowledge of *Tony's* betrothed the episode of the stolen kiss, took upon himself the suspicion of having killed the blackmailing gentleman, and hurriedly left England for the shores of Cuba. There he became embroiled in the insurrection against Spain and performed prodigies of valour. Meanwhile *Tony* dwelt at home, more or less at ease, allowing his betrothed and others to think that *Bernard* was guilty, though the affair was really the result of an accident, until, to blunt the pin-pricks of his conscience, he followed his friend to Cuba and atoned for his deception by dying an insurgent's death. Mr. HAROLD BINDLOSS has written his story, of which the above is a very imperfect skeleton, with rare skill. The fighting in Cuba is as thrilling as it is sanguinary, the character-drawing is strong, and the book, as *Mr. Punch* remarked of another tale by the same author, is strongly recommended.

I find *Father Felix's Chronicles* (FISHER UNWIN), by the late NORA CHESSON, rather a bewildering book, so few even of the names of the men and women who throng its pages can I remember. *Father Felix* must have been a charming person to meet, and if a chronicler's business be only to chronicle he did it to perfection. But he fails as a storyteller because he has so many stories to tell, so many people to introduce that they are constantly elbowing each other out of the way. As soon as you begin to know a new face it is lost in the crowd. But what one does carry away is a nerve-racking impression of the cruelties practised and endured as a matter of course by Englishmen in the year of grace MCDLX. Towards the end of the book there is an extraordinarily vivid and painful account of the infliction of the *peine forte et dure* upon the Lady HAWISE DE MANDEVILLE, which shows Mrs. CHESSON's fine power of writing at its very best. To read this passage is to suffer in one's own person the torturing pain which is the key-note of this symphony of suffering.